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SIXPENCE.

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LES RAVITAILLEUSES: REFRESHMENTS FOR POILUS ON THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT.

From the commencement of the war, by day and by night, the soldiers of the gallant French Army have been hurrying to the Front, and, as time may mean so much in the battle for victory, there is often no chance for them to leave the train for refreshments. So, at all hours, ladies and young girls, clad in white and wearing the Red Cross, go from carriage to carriage, asking "How many lads are there inside?" and

handing up to the window such comestibles as bread, butter, coffee, chocolate, confectionery, cheese, milk, tea, with tobacco, pipes, cigarettes, post-cards and pencils, handkerchiefs, socks, and other things to add to their comfort. It is an excellent work these "Ravitailleuses" are doing, watching for the arrival of the trains and ministering to the comfort of men who are giving their strength, and maybe their lives, for their country.

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WHERE THERE HAS BEEN "A CERTAIN LIVELINESS" OF LATE:

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

VARIED SCENES WITH THE BRITISH FORCES AT SALONIKA

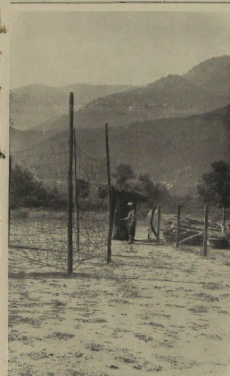
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WHERE MANY OF THE NATIVES HAVE NEVER HEARD OF A CYCLE BEFORE:
A DESPATCH-RIDER LEAVING A SIGNAL STATION.



NECESSARY PRECAUTIONS AGAINST ESPIONAGE:
OF DETENTION FOR SUSPECTS, AT STAYROS.



A BARRED-WIRE ENCLOSURE USED AS A PLACE
OF DETENTION FOR SUSPECTS, AT STAYROS.



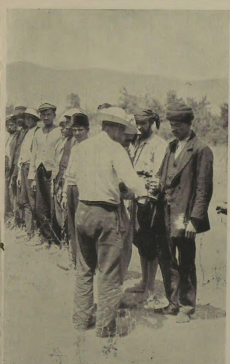
COVERED WITH BRUSHES AND FOLIAGE TO HIDE IT FROM THE ENEMY: A DISUSED MONASTERY
CONVERTED INTO A CANTINE, NEAR OUR FRONT LINE.



DECORATED WITH PAGES FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "SKETCH," AND OTHER PAPERS:
A SHAVING-SALON FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS.



QUININE PARADE FOR GREEK LABOURERS WORKING
IN THE BALKANS.



FOR THE BRITISH ARMY: DRAWN UP TO HAVE THEIR
QUININE ADMINISTERED.



QUININE PARADE FOR BRITISH SOLDIERS OF THE SALONIKA FORCE: MEN WITH SPOONS
TAKING THEIR DAILY DOSE OF FIVE GRAINS.

The recent news of activity on the Allied front at Salonika has aroused much interest and speculation. Writing thence on August 13, Mr. G. Ward Price said: "Slowly and with method the bombardment by the French and British artillery of the enemy's advanced positions is being carried out. . . . The forward move made by the French force which occupied Doiran railway station and Hill 227 . . . does not bring us into contact with the enemy's permanent defensive works, but well within the area which has been the accustomed hunting-ground of his nocturnal patrols." The country, which is very wild and lonely, has been compared to the Highlands of Scotland. Some of the British positions are far away from any town, and such luxuries as a shaving-salon depend on amateur talent. At the one shown above, we may note, the pictures on the wall appear to have been taken largely from copies of this paper and of the "Sketch," including a portrait of Lord Kitchener from our Kitchener Memorial Number. The best in the Balkans

has lately been very trying. An officer of the Cyclist Section at Salonika, writing home recently, said: "The last two days have seemed like a hot, inconsequent nightmare. I have a confused remembrance of long, boiling days, long, exhausting rides through a road four inches thick with sand and dust, finished by a troubled sleep and a constant fight with mosquitoes." It is connected with their attention, no doubt, and possible malaria consequent thereupon, that a daily dose of quinine is served out to the troops and the Greek labourers. The same cyclist officer continues: "The road by which we came up before the war absolutely unknown to all but about three archæologists. . . . It winds over mountains, past lakes, and through gorges with imperturbable patience. . . . The people in the fields either ran from us or at us. They have never heard of a cycle before!"

WITH THE VICTORIOUS FRENCH: PRISONERS; RECRUITS; AND A RUIN.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF PRISONERS AND RECRUITS AUTHORIZED BY THE FRENCH WAR OFFICE.



AT WORK, AND CONTENTED WITH THEIR LOT: GERMAN PRISONERS OF THE FRENCH EMPLOYED IN THE STONE QUARRIES OF MEURTHE AND MOSELLE.



HOW THE CIVILIAN IS HARDENED INTO AN EFFICIENT SOLDIER: RECRUITS AT A PHYSICAL-TRAINING SCHOOL NEAR VINCENNES.



A TRAGIC CORNER OF THE SOMME BATTLEFIELD: A DAMAGED CALVARY AND THE RUINS OF A SUGAR REFINERY AT DOMPIERRE, ONE OF THE VILLAGES RECAPTURED BY THE FRENCH.



"MIDDLE-AGED HANS": OLDER GERMAN PRISONERS (OF THOUSANDS TAKEN BY THE FRENCH) AT A CAMP IN THE SOMME DISTRICT.



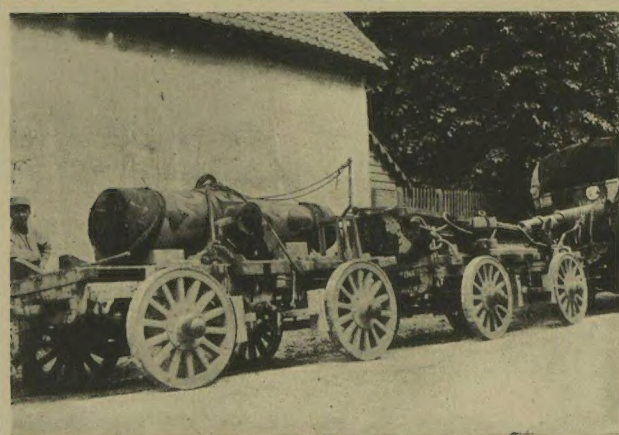
"YOUNG FRITZ": YOUTHFUL GERMAN PRISONERS OF THE 1916 CLASS AT A SOMME CAMP, ABOUT TO START FOR THE QUARRIES.

The number of German prisoners taken by the French in their succession of victorious advances on the Somme has largely increased since the original offensive on July 1, when over 6000 were captured. The German prisoners are treated by the chivalrous French with their customary kindness, but their services are also utilised. Lord Northcliffe writes on the subject: "The authorities at home seem to hide our German prisoners. In France they work, and in public, and are content with their lot, as I know by personal inquiry of many of them. Save for the letters, 'P.G.' (*prisonnier de guerre*) at the

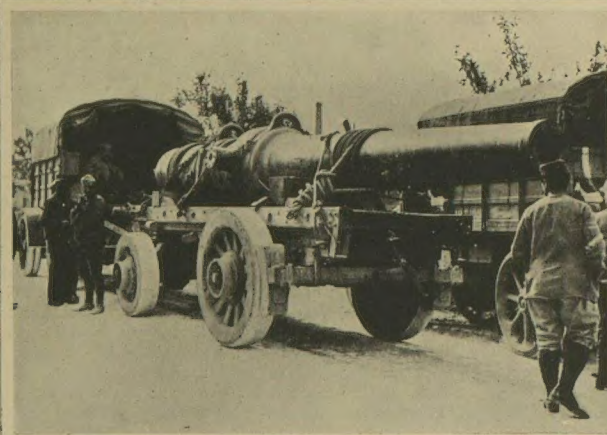
back of their coats, it would be difficult to realise that comfortable-looking, middle-aged Landsturm Hans, with his long pipe, and young Fritz, with his cigarette, were prisoners at all." Regarding the Dompiere sugar refinery, a French writer says: "Close beside this mass of tangled débris a large figure of Christ on the Cross, with the left arm struck off by a shot, the only thing left standing in the field of carnage, seems to appeal for help against the ferocity of the men who unchained war." Dompiere was one of nineteen villages taken in the first rush of the French offensive.

MAKERS OF HISTORY: SOME VANQUISHERS OF GERMANISM.

FRENCH WAR OFFICE OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.



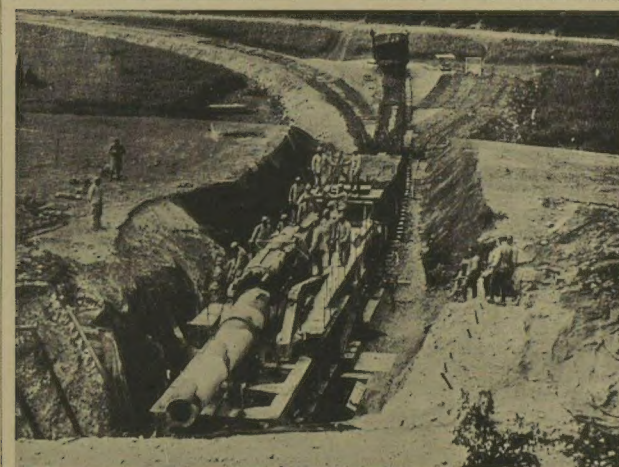
EN ROUTE TO THE SOMME: A FRENCH HEAVY GUN, PROTECTIVELY COLOURED, BEING TRANSPORTED BY MOTOR TRACTION.



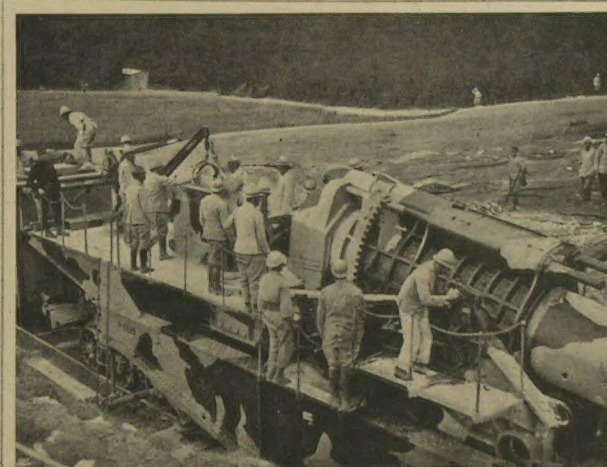
EN ROUTE TO THE SOMME: A BIG FRENCH GUN TRAVELLING BY ROAD TO THE BATTLE-FRONT.



ABOUT TO OPEN FIRE AT LONG RANGE: A FRENCH BIG GUN ON ITS BATTLE-FIELD RAILWAY MOUNTING, AND LAID FOR ACTION WITH HIGH ELEVATION.



PASSED ALL TESTS AND ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR THE SOMME: A BIG GUN STARTING OFF FROM A FACTORY PROVING-GROUND.



NEARING THE SCENE OF ACTION: A FRENCH BIG GUN ON ITS MOUNTING—SHOWING THE BREECH EXTERIOR ARMATURE AND FITTINGS.

Two years ago, when the war was in its earliest opening stages, photographs such as those seen above would have been smiled at and put aside as quite too imaginative in connection with land warfare. Possibly big guns of the kind, it would have been suggested, might have been seen in sea-coast fortresses, but only there, or on board super-Dreadnoughts of the very biggest class. Now guns of the size shown here are "common objects" on all the battle-fronts, East and West. Those seen on this page

are French guns, but we are using some as big in the British Western Offensive, as, too, are the Russians and the Italians. It takes from twelve to fifteen months of continuous processes at the gun foundries and munition factories to complete each one of such giants, from the first forging of the rough steel tube ingots to the final finishing workshop smoothing. Then come the affixing of the sights and recoil apparatus, etc., and tests at the proving-sheds and butts, before the gun is passed for despatch to the Front.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

SOME little time ago I made a remark in this place to the effect that "the atheism of Frederick the Great was and is the military religion of Berlin." The statement has been disputed in the *New Age* by Dr. Oscar Levy, a neutral living, I believe, in Switzerland, but a close and very able critic of English letters, and one very generous in his appreciation of this page. I have already found it necessary to discuss the point in another place and in connection with another argument. But, as Dr. Levy says that he sees this paper regularly, I feel it is a habit which calls for every encouragement, and perhaps for some acknowledgment here. It will be enough to say, touching the occasion of the matter, that Dr. Levy takes the Christian religion in North Germany much more seriously than I do—partly, I cannot but think, because it is not his own religion, and he knows the less about the difference between the real and the sham. He begins by telling me that the Prussian soldiers have some Lutheran motto about God actually engraved on their helmets; but (as he himself seems partly to anticipate) I am much less interested in their helmets than in their heads. He proceeds to tell me about an incident in the German Army in which a sergeant, having divided his company into Jews, Protestants, and Catholics according to regulations, was infuriated by the presence of an unclassified individual who said he had no religion. The sergeant told him with great ferocity that if he did not find a religion by next Sunday he would be visited every other Sunday with what we should call detention in barracks. As most English readers will notice, there is a funnier and more irreverent English parallel to this anecdote, about an Oxford undergraduate with "doubts," who was told by the head of his college that he would have to provide himself with "a God of some kind" by next week. But the irreverence of Oxford is the reverence of Berlin. The sort of incident which we tell as an indication of religious indifference is actually the best that Dr. Levy can find by way of a German example of religious enthusiasm. In England we should call such a don a Sadducee; but in atheist Prussia he appears by comparison to be a Zealot.

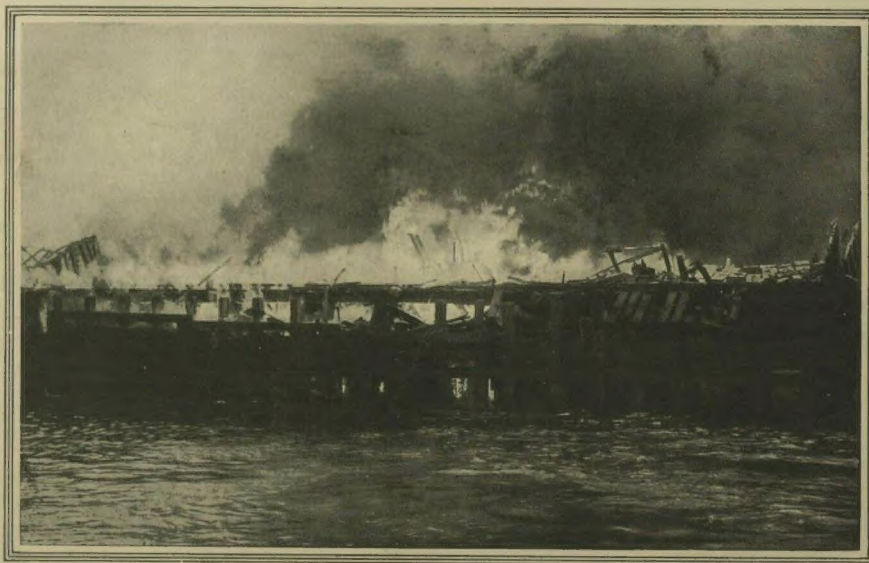
Thus the very example Dr. Levy gives of German religion would alone convince me of German irreligion. It is apparent from the tale itself that the German sergeant was quite careless about the widest divisions of cosmic belief, but very careful about the narrowest and strictest unity of military discipline. He had been told to divide his company into Catholics, Protestants, and Jews; and he would have obeyed with equal indifference if he had been told to divide it into Fire-Worshippers, Fetish-Worshippers, Thugs, Assassins, Satanists, and Communicants of the Black Mass. If the man with no religion could have come back with a sufficient following to make it officially convenient to turn them into a fourth group of worshippers of nothing, or worshippers of a blue baboon, the official would have been perfectly content. But there is another way in which Dr. Levy's argument proves too much. A conscript army is supposed to contain men of all kinds. Now nobody who has ever visited Germany in the most casual

fashion can pretend to believe that men of all kinds in Germany can be classified as orthodox members of the Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish Churches. The sharpest impression produced on a visitor to modern Germany was well expressed in my own experience by a little girl who said, "The boys in the street are saying there is no God." Long before war or rumours of war, I can remember the sort of atmospheric change produced on my own mind by passing from Besançon through the Gap of Belfort to Frankfurt. It was the change of passing from a country in which a considerable (though diminishing) number of people were trying to kill Christianity to a country where everybody of any intellectual pretensions assumed that Christianity had been killed long ago. And it was killed long ago so far as Prussia could kill it. It has been absent from Prussian policy and philosophy in a sense utterly distinct from that in which any ordinary wrong-doing is inconsistent with the Christian ideal. Spanish torture or Muscovite terrorism have been appeals to precedent, the belated citation of some

or Marryat were pagans who literally worshipped Poseidon with altars and sacrifices. We should answer, I imagine, that the very tone of the reference to Neptune, as compared with other references to "Providence" or "Heaven" in the same songs, was enough to prove that they did nothing of the sort. It would be obvious that the English ballad-writer was only referring in an ornamental way to the sea. It is equally obvious that the German rhetorician is only referring in an ornamental way to the earth—to the elemental laws of nature and the physical hierarchy of evolution. He simply personifies Nature; only he calls it "he" instead of "she." This, and this alone, gives at least a sort of nonsensical sense to the talk of the Germans about their "German God." Or, to take another example, a man acquainted with religion—at least in the Christian sense—could probably guess that we do not pay supreme worship to the god Eros, and guess it merely from the little Cupids on the valentines. The difference may be too delicate to describe; but he would feel that it is not precisely their most serious deities that men treat precisely in that fashion. Well, the modern Germans do treat the Holy Child precisely in that fashion. A Christmas card actually appeared in Germany depicting the Infant Christ as knocking a nail into the wooden statue of poor old Hindenburg. Note that this point is not to be confused for a moment with a certain grotesque gaiety in the details of the divine story. There would be nothing heathen about depicting the Christ Child as playing with St. Joseph's tools, and knocking a nail into a nursery toy. In other words, there would be nothing heathen about showing a divinity as taking light things lightly. The point in the German picture is that the Christian divinity is taken lightly while something else is taken seriously; and that something else is the heathen divinity. The Christ Child is a mere ornamental Cupid attending upon Hindenburg. The graceful and charitable image is merely added like a ribbon or a favour on the uniform of the service of force and pride. So precisely the names of the pagan deities—Neptune or Venus, Apollo or Jupiter—are used by modern poets merely as florid figures of speech. So precisely in the phrase about "our German God" the word "God" is a flourish. But the word "German" is a God.

When I say that the militarism of Prussia is founded on the atheism of Frederick the Great, it is not a cant of polemics or an appeal to prejudice. It is a historical fact without which a historical phenomenon cannot be understood. Russia has a religion—one may say that Russia is a religion—and has done wrong for its sake. England has neglected her religion for other things, and has done wrong for those other things. France has a standing quarrel about religion; and has done wrong both for religion and against it. But the unique point and power of Prussia have been rooted in her scepticism. Every step in her success has been due to what Frederick would have called her superiority to superstitions. It was always upon her atheism that she acted; and she is only in this stupendous hour beginning to be proved wrong.

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THE GREAT EXPLOSION OF AMMUNITION AT NEW YORK: A BLAZING PIER IN JERSEY CITY DURING THE CATASTROPHE. Between 2 and 3 a.m. on the morning of Sunday, July 30, a terrific explosion took place at Jersey City, opposite New York, killing many workmen and doing damage estimated at some £2,000,000. It is said that a fire on a goods pier spread to barges loaded with ammunition, and that 87 car-loads of shells exploded. The ground on both sides of the bay rocked as though from an earthquake, people were thrown out of bed, shattered glass fell everywhere, and shrapnel rained on surrounding roofs. The statue of Liberty and many important buildings in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City were damaged.—[Photograph by Topical.]

sanctity needing defence. Prussian torture and terrorism do not quote precedents; they create precedents. They are based fundamentally on the idea that the past falls into a bottomless pit of forgetfulness. They believe neither in angel nor spirit; but least of all in the Recording Angel. Dr. Levy will at least admit that this philosophy is common, though not universal. And the admission that it exists at all is sufficient evidence that the military divisions he describes do not express Germany. In other words, we cannot read what is in the German heads upon the German helmets.

But if I am asked more generally where I get the impression that modern Germany is irreligious, I get it first of all from its religious utterances. While the German Emperor is talking about himself I can leave his mind as much of a mystery as the minds of most other modern men; I can be agnostic about his agnosticism. But when he invokes God I am absolutely certain he is an atheist. Nor is this any idle paradox; it is a very common experience about the serious and frivolous use of words. Suppose somebody said that a line in some old English nautical song which contained a reference to Father Neptune proved that the English sailors in the days of Dibdin

VICTORIOUS RUSSIAN GENERALS: BRUSILOFF'S "WING-LEADERS."

GENERAL LECHITSKY is a man of sixty, and for the greater portion of his service has done duty with the Siberian corps of the Russian Army. Siberia ordinarily serves as the great training-school for Russian higher officers. There some of the ablest of the modern Generals of Russia have studied the handling of troops on a large scale. Siberia in that regard offers much the same advantages that India is considered to offer for British commanders. During the war with Japan General Lechitsky led the Siberian Rifles Division. He was promoted thence to the command of the First Guards Division at Petrograd. In 1908 he took command of the 18th Army Corps. At the outset of the present war he was in military charge of the Amur army region. It fell to General Lechitsky to lead the advance thrust into Bukovina of General Brusiloff's group of armies which, in June and July, broke up the Austrian Armies of the South.



GENERAL SAKHAROFF, who is in charge of the northern set of army corps comprised in the army group under General Brusiloff's supreme leadership, is a man in the sixties of his life. He has been in the forefront among the most trusted Generals in the Russian service for the past ten or twelve years; ever since the Manchurian campaign in the Russo-Japanese War. General Kuropatkin selected him for service in that campaign as Chief of the Staff at Army Headquarters. Before that General Sakharoff had done special duty on the Staff at the War Office at Petrograd. At the War Office he was General Kuropatkin's right-hand man, while the latter was Russian Minister of War. He is a soldier of the Skobelev school, as his forward methods of tactics in the present series of actions go to show. As seen in the photograph, General Sakharoff wears the Russian V.C., the Cross of St. George, in two classes.



1. LEADING THE LEFT-WING ARMIES OF GENERAL BRUSILOFF: GENERAL LECHITSKY, THE CAPTOR OF STANISLAU.

After holding on in the Lemberg region, in the centre on the Strypa, with apparent disregard of consequences, General Bothmer's powerful Austro-German army has had to retreat. The two Russian Generals whose portraits are given here had the task of driving in the wings of the Austro-German Army. General Lechitsky, on the Russian left wing, who in June captured Czernowitz and cleared Bukovina of the Austrian southern armies, between August 1 and August 10, captured Stanislaw and its very important railway junction, carried the Dniester river line of positions in that quarter, and pressed on

2. LEADING THE RIGHT-WING ARMIES OF GENERAL BRUSILOFF: GENERAL SAKHAROFF, THE CAPTOR OF BRODY.

till he had outflanked General Bothmer on that side. To the north of Bothmer, General Sakharoff, with the troops of the Russian right wing, captured Brody, and drove back the German flanking troops facing him. On August 11, General Shcherbacheff's central thrust forced back Bothmer's entire front and compelled the Austro-Germans to retreat hastily as the only way to escape being cut off and surrounded. Since August 1, the three Russian armies have captured between them (to August 12) 85,000 men, 68 guns (many of large size), 342 machine-guns, and 46 mortars, etc.

ON THE BRITISH FRONT DURING THE GREAT ADVANCE:

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS ISSUED



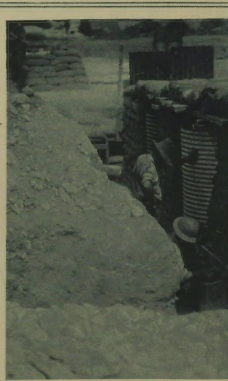
AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT SECTION AT WORK WITH GUN, RANGE-FINDER, AND TELESCOPES: "SPOTTING" A GERMAN AEROPLANE.



SOME OF THE HEROIC SCOTTISH PIPERS IN THE ATTACK ON LONGUEVAL, BEING LOADED BY THEIR PORTERS.



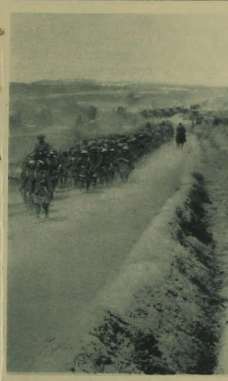
A WEAPON WHOSE PROJECTILE IS KNOWN AMONG OUR MEN AS A "FLYING PIG": A BRITISH TRENCH-MORTAR BEING LOADED.



WATER-STORAGE FOR THE TROOPS IN THE BRITISH FRONT LINE, STRONGLY PROTECTED BY SAND-BAGS.

MANY FORMS OF ACTIVITY IN OUR VICTORIOUS ARMY.

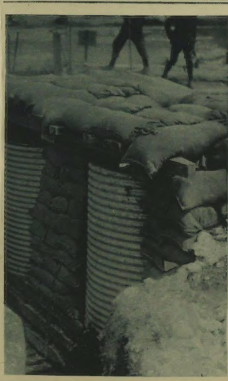
BY THE PRESS BUREAU.



THE GREAT WAR: THE BLACK WATCH, MARCHING BACK FROM THE TRENCHES.



MAKING USE OF THE DEBRIS CAUSED BY BOMBARDMENT: BRITISH SOLDIERS IN A CAPTURED VILLAGE COLLECTING BRICKS FOR ROAD-REPAIR.



TRENCHES: WATER-BUTTS NEAR THE FRONT LINE, PROTECTED BY SAND-BAGS.



"ANZAC" DESHABLES DURING THE HOT WEATHER: AUSTRALIAN GUNNERS, STRIPPED TO THE WAIST, RAMMING HOME A SHELL.

These photographs, taken during the British advance on the Western Front, illustrate a few of the many forms of activity that go to the making of war. Our anti-aircraft gunners, it will be seen, are well provided with scientific devices to help them in "spotting," aiming and firing at any hostile aeroplanes that venture within range. The pipers of the Highland regiments have on many occasions in this war shown their traditional bravery. Only the other day, in the attack on Longueval, the pipers of a Scottish regiment led their comrades to the assault, right up to and across the German trenches. At first they advanced to the tune of "The Campbells are Coming," and then, as they approached the foe, they broke into the fierce strains of the "Charge," "the most awful music to be heard by men who have the Highlanders opposed to them." It is a matter of great importance to keep the roads in repair, so that there may be no delay in bringing up ammunition and rations for the troops. For this purpose bricks from buildings shattered by artillery fire are utilized. An

equally important matter, in the catering department, is the supply of water for the troops. In some places special pipes have been laid, and the water is taken to the front on light railways. In the trenches it is stored in well-protected butts. Nicknames for various types of gun are very common with the burr-headed British soldier; and the projectile fired by one kind of trench-mortar is known as the "Flying Pig." These weapons are very effective. An official despatch the other day, for example, stated: "Some parties of the enemy advancing against our lines south of Montauban were effectively dealt with by our trench-mortars and machine-guns, and no hostile attack developed." The Australians have been fighting splendidly on the Western Front, near Poitiers, as also in Egypt. In the hot weather the artillerymen discard all superfluous clothing, and work their guns stripped to the waist, just as the sailors of Nelson's day did in naval battles. In Gallipoli, it will be recalled, the Australian gunners fought in similar deshables.

THE WESTERN OFFENSIVE: WORK OF OUR GUNNERS AT POZIÈRES.

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN DURING THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE.



IN AN ENEMY OPEN GUN-EMPLACEMENT BUILT OF PILES: A GERMAN FIELD-GUN DESTROYED BY BRITISH SHELL-FIRE.



IN AN ENEMY TRENCH GUN-EMPLACEMENT WITH EARTH PARAPET: A GERMAN GUN DESTROYED AND PARTIALLY BURIED.

In these two illustrations we gain something of an idea of what the enemy confronting the British attack in the German trenches at and near Pozieres have had to undergo during the bombardment which cleared the way for our assaulting infantry. As seen, but little is left of the German gun-carriage in each illustration but shattered wheels mixed up with scrap-iron and splinters. In each case the gun itself has been violently hurled backwards on its slide mounting and disabled; only the gun-shields appear to have escaped being smashed to fragments. In the upper illustration the remains of the stout

timbering and piles of the gun-emplacement are seen, completely wrecked and overturned. In the lower illustration the trench-parapet has been blown in, and is in ruin, with part of its structure fallen in over the gun-platform and emplacement. Few, if any, of the German gunners, if they were still standing to their guns at the moment the British shells burst on the spot, could have escaped alive. In not a few cases, however, on charging into the ruins of the German entrenched positions, our men have found most of the enemy told off to hold the trenches in question concealed in dug-outs, deep underground.

HONOURING OUR FIGHTING MEN: THE QUEEN IN THE EAST END.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CENTRAL PRESS.



HER MAJESTY'S TRIBUTE: QUEEN MARY PLACING FLOWERS ON A MURAL ROLL OF HONOUR IN SOUTH HACKNEY.

The little thoroughfare of Balcombe Street, an offshoot of Well Street, in South Hackney, was, in common with a number of other streets in this busy and crowded district, honoured on August 10 by a visit from Queen Mary, who is shown in our photograph placing a little bunch of flowers at the foot of the Roll of Honour placed here, as in other streets of the East End, to record the names of local men who have joined the Army or the Navy. Her Majesty was greeted with the keen enthusiasm which her

constant and unwearied kindness in showing her appreciation of loyalty and courage invariably calls forth. The streets of this teeming district have sent nearly 500 men to the Colours. To one mother, who has four sons at the Front, the Queen said: "Keep a brave heart!" and shook hands with her. Her Majesty's visit was punctuated by such touching and womanly incidents. In one case, a woman said to the Queen: "You know how mothers feel." "I know," replied the Queen, "and that is why I am here."

CAMPAIGNING IN THE ETERNAL SNOW: ITALY'S WAR IN THE ALPS.



ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE, AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10,000 FEET: AN ITALIAN SENTRY POST ON MOUNT ADAMELLO.

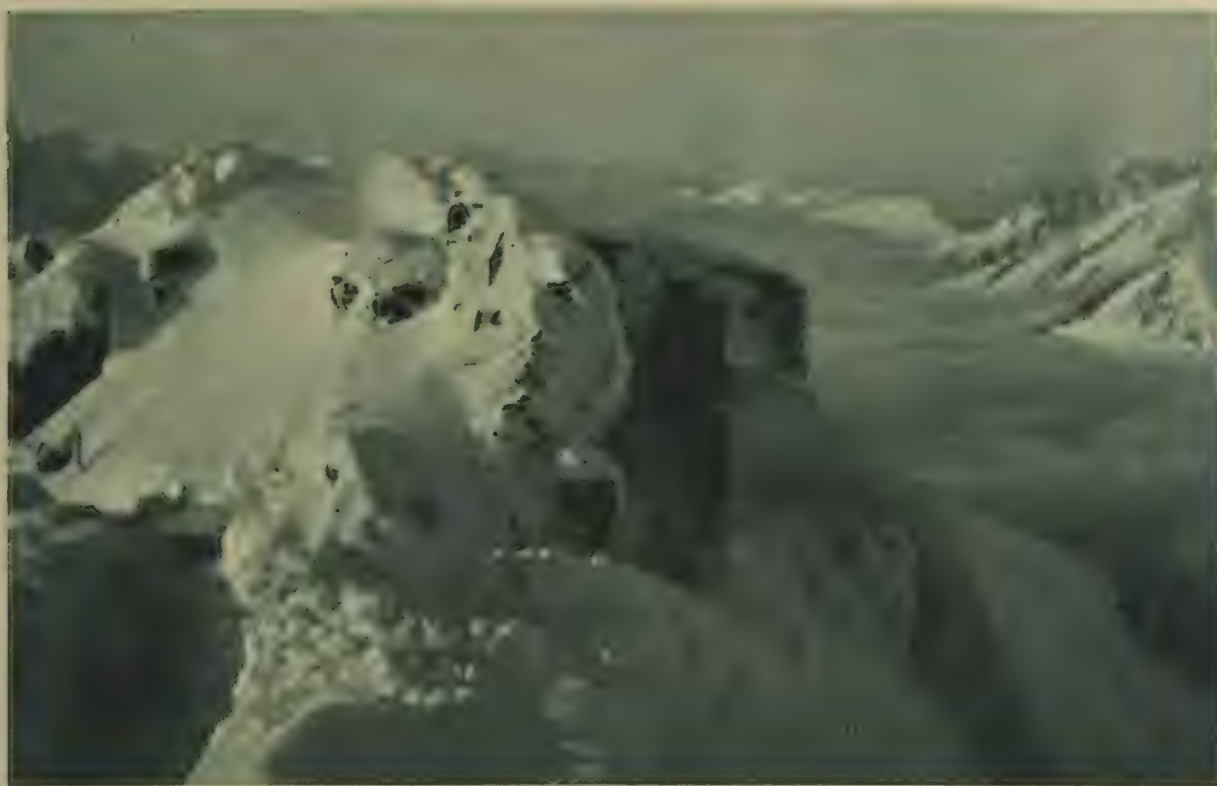


BARRACKS IN A REGION OF PERPETUAL SNOW: QUARTERS FOR ITALIAN TROOPS IN THE TRENINO AT A HEIGHT OF NEARLY 10,000 FEET.

Much of the campaign in the Trentino, as in other parts of the Italian front, except on the Isonzo, has to be conducted in the region of eternal snow—that is, above the snow-line, which in the Alps varies between 7500 ft. and 9000 ft. Above this line there is snow both in summer and winter. These remarkably picturesque photographs were taken

among the peaks of the Trentino. In the upper one are seen two Italian soldiers on sentry duty on Mount Adamello. The other shows some Italian barracks, protected by barbed wire, built among the mountains. Both photographs were taken at a height of 3000 metres, or about 9750 ft.

WAR IN THE ALPINE SNOWS: THE MOST PICTURESQUE CAMPAIGN.



CAMPAIGNING ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A POSITION ON THE HEIGHTS OF MOUNT ADAMELLO.



WHERE NATURE LENDS BEAUTY TO WORKS OF WAR: A FORT ON MOUNT ADAMELLO COVERED WITH SNOW.

Of all the campaigns now in progress in Europe, that between the Italians and Austrians has, without question, the most picturesque surroundings. The Alps make an awe-inspiring "theatre" of operations, and the snow lends a touch of beauty to the grimdest works of war. Often barbed-wire entanglements are covered by snow in a

single night, and have to be renewed. In places where the snow thaws there are sometimes terrible sights, as when, on Monte Nero, a thaw one morning disclosed the corpses of six hundred Austrian soldiers, who had been covered by the snow where they had fallen, and remained concealed beneath it for many months.

ITALY'S VICTORIOUS COUNTER-STROKE TO THE AUSTRIAN OFFENSIVE IN THE TRENTINO: THE FORDING OF THE POSINA.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY JULIUS PRICE, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE ITALIANS.



"I HAVE NEVER SEEN TROOPS GO FORWARD WITH MORE *ÉLAN*": ITALIAN INFANTRY FORDING THE RIVER POSINA AT PONTE ROTTO, UNDER A MURDEROUS FIRE FROM AUSTRIAN BATTERIES.

The Italian Army has won brilliant successes, not only on the Isonzo line, on which the great victory at Gorizia has latterly focussed public interest, but also in their previous counter-offensive against the Austrians in the Trentino. A particularly dashing exploit in the latter region is here illustrated. In a note, dated "Arsiero, July," on his sketch from which our drawing was made, Mr. Julius Price writes: "The dash and enthusiasm that have throughout characterised the operations on this part of the front have fully justified the confidence General Cadorna has always had in his soldiers. The intrepidity with which the Posina was forded and the village recaptured, in the face of the heavy fire from the Austrian batteries, was certainly one of the most brilliant episodes of the recent fighting in the Trentino. Although the Austrians had everywhere the advantage of position, they appeared quite powerless to stem the impetuous rush of the young and athletic Italian soldiers. I have never seen troops go forward with more *élan*, whilst their disregard of the

murderous fire was positively astounding." The valley of the Posina was the scene of constant fighting all through July and a succession of advances by the gallant Italian troops, culminating in the capture of Monte Cimone, announced in an official despatch of July 25. This Italian forward movement was simultaneous with the British advance in the West. An Italian communiqué of July 1 stated: "Our advance was continued along the whole of the Posina line, in spite of the heavy fire of a large number of hostile batteries on commanding positions." The Posina advance continued to be mentioned in almost every despatch issued from Rome. That of July 17, for instance, said: "In the Upper Posina area the enemy tried to stop our advance, and delivered a heavy attack, supported by concentrated artillery fire. . . . Our troops counter-attacked, and after severe hand-to-hand fighting the enemy was repulsed along the whole front."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE FALL OF GORIZIA: SCENES OF THE GREAT ITALIAN VICTORY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E.N.A.



SHOWING THE OLD CASTLE OF THE COUNTS OF GORIZIA: A SQUARE IN THE CAPTURED TOWN.



WHERE THE ITALIAN FLAG NOW FLIES ON THE PRINCIPAL BUILDINGS: GORIZIA—A BUSY STREET.



THE FAMOUS RIVER WHICH THE ITALIANS CROSSED TO CAPTURE GORIZIA: A PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE ISONZO, SHOWING THE NEIGHBOURING POSITIONS.



INTENDED TO CHECK THE ITALIAN ADVANCE: A STONE BARRIER BUILT BY THE AUSTRIANS ACROSS THE GORIZIA-MONFALCONE RAILWAY.



AN IMPORTANT LINK IN THE AUSTRIAN POSITION CAPTURED BY THE ITALIANS: A BRIDGE OVER THE ISONZO CLOSE TO GORIZIA.

These photographs, and especially the panoramic view of the Isonzo, give a very good idea of the locality of the great Italian victory at Gorizia. Describing the course of events, Lord Northcliffe writes: "In a few hours Sabotino Hill, the key to Gorizia and the bridgehead, and the scene of the hardest and bloodiest fighting on this part of the front since the war began, was firmly in Italian hands. Across the Isonzo and further south the long ridge and summits of San Michele were simultaneously carried. . . . The stout Austrian resistance on Hill 240, the highest summit of the Podgora ridge on the west bank of the river, delayed for some hours the actual assault on Gorizia. . . . The

massive stone viaduct that spans the Isonzo just north of the iron bridge we crossed on Thursday was only blown up at 5.30 on Tuesday morning (August 8). . . . Meanwhile the Italian batteries deluged Gorizia with shrapnel. . . . The pavements are littered with broken glass and tiles. The advancing Italian troops found hot work in clearing the outskirts and some houses, but as soon as the task was accomplished they swept on, and the tricolour was run up on the principal buildings. Then masses of troops pushed over the Isonzo iron bridge, which the engineers smartly repaired under heavy fire. . . . When I visited Gorizia yesterday (August 10) the streets were full of cavalry."

AUSTRIA'S "VERDUN" CAPTURED BY ITALY: GORIZIA FROM THE AIR.



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ITALIAN AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF 3250 FEET: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CAPTURED CITY OF GORIZIA.

This remarkably interesting photograph, showing the central part of Gorizia as seen from the air, is a proof of the efficiency of the Italian air service, which Lord Northcliffe notes is much superior to that of the enemy. "In nothing is the disorganisation of the Austrian defence," he writes, "more clearly revealed than in the utter absence of aerial observation. During my whole visit to this front I have not seen an Austrian aeroplane or observation-balloon." The figures on the photograph indicate the following buildings and localities: 1. The Piazza Grande;

2. The Archbishop's Palace; 4. The Cathedral; 5. The Town Hall; 6. The Theatre; 7. The Public Gardens; 7a. The Castle; 8. The Via Francesco Giuseppe; 9. The Italia suburb; 10. The San Rocco suburb; 11. The Al Ponte suburb. Gorizia lies on the east bank of the Isonzo, some 36 miles from Trieste. It comprises the old town, clustering round the ancient castle of the Counts of Gorizia, and a modern town of wide and regular streets. It has been compared to Verdun. Mr. A. Beaumont writes: "Gorizia was in the Austrian system of defence what Verdun is to France."

FOR KING AND COUNTRY: OFFICERS ON THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRODS, LAFAYETTE, ELLIOTT AND FRY, KETURAH COLLINGS, TEAR, NEAME, LANGFIER, AND YEVONDE.



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York and Lancaster Regt.
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W. A. Beer, of Kenton, Devon. Served in
South African War.



MAJOR ADRIAN D. COOBAN,
K. R. Rifle Corps. Son of late Mr. James
Cooban and of Mrs. Cooban, of Prenton,
Cheshire. Killed in action.



MAJ. JOSCELYN CONNOR,
R.E. Son of Mr. E. Joscelyn
Connor, of the Great Trigonometrical
Survey of India.



MAJ. J. CARLON MARKES,
Leinster Regiment (Staff).
Mentioned twice in despatches.
Son of Mr. Alfred Markes.



MAJOR H. CUFF DARKE,
R.F.A. Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Darke, of
Bournemouth; had served in India and
Mesopotamia.



MAJOR ERIC H. G. LEGGETT, D.S.O.,
R.F.A. Son of Colonel and Mrs. F. D. Leggett,
Undercliff, Exmouth. Mentioned three times
in despatches.



LIEUT. G. C. DAVIDSON,
Dorsetshire Regt. Youngest
son of Mr. F. G. Davidson,
late of Suez.



LIEUT.-COLONEL
B. G. R. GORDON, D.S.O.,
Gordon Highlanders. Served
with distinction South Africa.



LIEUT. R. H. W. DAVIDSON,
Devonshire Regt. Elder son
of Mr. F. G. Davidson, late
of Suez.



MAJOR G. W. BARCLAY,
Rifle Brigade. Son of Mr. E. E. Barclay,
Master of the Puckeridge Hounds. Mentioned
despatches; awarded Military Cross.



MAJOR C. H. SMITH,
York and Lancaster Regt. His team
killed in action.



CAPTAIN C. S. HILTON,
Middlesex Regt. Youngest
son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest F.
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FLATAU,
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unconventional novelist.



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R. Warwickshire Regt. Only
son of Sir Hallowell Rogers,
Edgbaston.

THE EYES OF THE MODERN "HEAVY" GUNNER: FRENCH "RUPERTS."

KITE-BALLOONS are proving the Eyes of the Artillery in the Great Offensive, as, indeed, they long have been in the trench warfare all along the front. They go up generally in rear of the heavy artillery batteries and remain aloft as long as required, for hours daily, held anchored meanwhile at fixed points by means of long cables. From the kite-balloons the results of the observation officers' notes in regard to the accuracy of the firing and any important enemy movements are telephoned direct to battery commanders. The observers are in cars or baskets slung a few feet below the gas envelope of the

(Continued opposite.)



BEING TOWED BY ITS MOORING-ROPE TO ITS "ANCHORAGE": A KITE-BALLOON BEFORE THE DAY'S WORK.

balloon, which itself is kept head to wind and steady by means of the loose flap excrescence, or wind-bag, at one end of the sausage-shaped gas-container. The Germans were the first to invent and use such balloons, but the Allies everywhere have been commendably prompt in adopting them, and they are doing invaluable work. Many kite-balloons on both sides have been destroyed by airmen or direct artillery fire, but from all accounts the enemy's losses in this respect have been far heavier than the casualties on the side of the Allies. There is a chain of kite balloons all along the front.



PARTIALLY DEFLATED WHILE BEING HAULED DOWN—AND, FOR THE MOMENT, RESEMBLING SOME ANTEDILUVIAN MONSTER A KITE-BALLOON AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

Possessing no motive-power of their own, kite-balloons—called by the French, from their shape, "saucisses," or sausages, and by our own men, for no reason yet forthcoming, "Ruperts"—have to be man-handled, or hauled about by gangs of men, when changing position, or when about to make ascents or descents. In the upper illustration a large

squad of French soldiers is seen hauling a "saucisse" by means of its mooring-rope to the place where it will remain anchored for the time being. In the lower illustration a French kite-balloon which has come down after fulfilling its day's work is seen partially deflated. The resemblance to some antediluvian flying monster is very marked.

SCIENCE AND NATURAL HISTORY

IN QUEST OF
THE BOOKOF SACRED
SCIENCE.ACROSS THE GOLDEN TUNNEL WHICH NUBIAS BELIEVED TO BE A ROLL OF
THE SCROLL WAS WRITTEN IN THE SECRET OF GOLDENMAN'S THE ARGONAUTS

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

A TOUCH OF THE SUN.

COUP-DE-SOLEIL, sunstroke, or heat-apoplexy, gets the credit—or discredit—of a good many deaths not properly attributable to it. A man of mature age leading a sedentary life in more or less darkened rooms,

bare-headed under the most blazing sun with the most perfect indifference, or at the most will wear a wide-brimmed and extremely light hat made of the thinnest grass or straw, whose manifest and only function is to keep the sun out of his eyes.

In the rest of his clothing, however, as in his food, the native of hot climates shows he has mastered the

is at work—and, in fact, whenever he can get it. Hence he contrives to keep his whole body bathed in the gentle and unrestrained perspiration which is Nature's own way of keeping the body temperature at the same level all over, and thus of preventing what is known in common speech as the blood flying to the head.

This helps us to understand what is really the driving cause of the heat-apoplexy which is so often described as sunstroke. It is not the sun's rays which are to blame, but the stuffiness produced by improper clothing, confined and stagnant atmosphere, and the presence of moisture induced by the exhalations of a swampy soil, sea-fog, or the vapours thrown off by many human beings shut together in a confined space. All these conditions are present in the stokeholds of our great liners and other steam-ships, where the direct rays of the sun never penetrate, and where cases of heat-apoplexy are a great deal more common than the general public knows or would believe. They were also much to the fore in the late journey of our Territorial troops from Karachi to Rawal Pindi which resulted in the loss of so many lives valuable to the Empire, and is still under discussion.

It follows, then, that anyone likely to be exposed to a broiling sun will do well to see that his clothing is as loose and as light as possible, and that he wears no tight collars, tight boots, or masses of wool about him anywhere else than round his waist. He should also eat as little meat as possible, and that only after sun-down, and should drink as little alcohol and as much unfermented drink—cold water, tea, or coffee—as he can comfortably manage. Above all, he should keep the air moving in his neighbourhood either by means of punkahs, electric-fans, and the like, or by taking advantage of whatever wind there may be, and avoid overcrowded rooms and railway-carriages. With these precautions, he will avoid at once the faintness, pallor, and eventual collapse arising from heart-failure caused by an overloaded stomach or too violent exercise, and the true apoplexy



ACTIVE IN THE BRITISH ADVANCE: ONE OF OUR MONSTER GUNS.

Official Photograph.

eating four or five heavy meals a day, and almost nervously afraid of what he probably calls "catching cold," finds himself compelled or induced to take violent exercise in the sunlight, and winds up with a long journey home in a stuffy train. His temperature goes up and keeps up, he becomes delirious or light-headed on the one hand, or is struck down with what appears to be a prolonged fainting-fit on the other, and unless he is properly and promptly attended to by a doctor having some acquaintance with the symptoms, he may very likely never recover consciousness. Immediately it is supposed that he has died of "sunstroke," and no notice is taken of hardened arteries, weak or flabby heart, overloaded digestion, and the many other predisposing causes which are chiefly responsible for the seizure. Thus died Schliemann, the excavator of Troy; and thus will doubtless die many others, until people learn that, when a man changes his "sky," he will do well to change his habits too.

The fact seems to be that with most of these deaths glorious Apollo has nothing to do. The direct rays of the sun cannot be in themselves injurious, because the natives of those happy lands which see most of them never seem to suffer any inconvenience from them at all. An Egyptian, an Arab, a negro, or a Hindu will labour all day in what seems to us fierce sunlight with no ill-effects whatever. This immunity cannot be attributed to any natural or artificial protection to the head, for although the bones of the Hamitic Egyptian, and, *a fortiori*, of the negro's skull are much thicker than those of a European, this is by no means the case with the Semitic Arab or the Aryan Hindu. Nor has the turban much to do with it; for the Egyptian, when he really begins to feel the heat, will often remove everything from his head except the close-fitting skull-cap which he wears over his shaven skull; and, although the Hindu may retain his under similar circumstances, this is more due to convention having its origin in the annoyance, caused by flies and other winged insects than to any other reason. As for the negro, as everybody knows, he will work

conditions under which he can live comfortably in intense heat better than the European. His clothing is always loose, light, and non-absorbent, in contradistinction to the buttoned-up garments, the impermeable cloths, and the woollen underclothing affected by the European. He eats chiefly vegetables, and



IN ACTION: ONE OF THE MONSTER BRITISH GUNS ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

Official Photograph.

those in the most easily digested form of soups and stews; he makes his principal meal in the cool of the evening, when his work is done; and he drinks water freely during the whole time that he

caused by a more or less sudden rush of blood to the head. Incidentally, too, he may learn that the beams of the great source of light and life on this earth never yet did anyone any harm.—F. L.



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CO-RELATED WAR BOOKS.

TWO little volumes which may profitably be read together are "England's Effort" (Smith, Elder), by Mrs. Humphry Ward, with a preface by Lord Rosebery; and "A Citizen's Army: The Swiss System" (Chatto and Windus), with an introduction by Colonel Feyler, military critic of the *Journal de Genève*, who is also a copious contributor to our own weekly Press. Mrs. Ward's volume takes the form of half-a-dozen letters to an American friend who had applied to her for insight into our doings in connection with the war, and represents "three months of travelling, thinking, and eading." Of the quality of her work it need only be said that it is up to the level of her other writings; which is all the more astonishing and creditable, seeing that it deals with subjects which are not supposed to be germane and congenial to the female mind. But of Mrs. Humphry Ward it may truly be said "Nul-lum quod tangit non ornat." Better than any other one—man or woman—has she, in compact, vivid, lightly touched, and literary form, shown us what "England's effort" has been and continues to be. Effort to do what? Why, of course, to win the war by now making up for our military unpreparedness for it, which "simply meant," she says, "that as a nation we never wished for war with Germany, and, as a nation, we never expected it." On these words Lord Rosebery puts this gloss: "The consummate preparation of Prussia for this war is, indeed, at the base of all argument as to its authors. . . . For the one simple, incontrovertible proof of our innocence is that we were wholly unprepared for such a conflict, while Germany was armed to the teeth and prepared in every detail of organisation. Our exertions have been since the war began, and from that point of view they are superhuman."

Yes, that is certainly the impression we derive from the perusal of Mrs. Humphry Ward's wonderfully incisive and illuminating pages, which are based, not on statistics gathered and sited in her study, with her feet on her comfortable fender, but on positive visits in the cold and inclement winter time to all the centres of our ever-growing

power. Perhaps no writer—certainly no woman writer—ever enjoyed such official facilities for studying her subject. It is wonderful what the charm of a great literary name can do. Not more consideration did Alexander, Milton's "great Emathian conqueror," cause to be shown for "the house of Pindarus," the poet—who is not, however, to be confounded with our own Peter Pindar—at the sack of Thebes than was displayed by our Admiralty, and War Office, and Munitions Ministry—and, in fact, by everyone to whom she appealed—in furthering the literary objects of the gifted author of "Robert Elsmere." Thus she

everything from our bases of transport and supply up to the very trenches, or within easy gun-shot of them. "We had been already nearer than any woman, even a nurse, has been, in this war to the actual fighting on the English line, and the cup of impressions was full." After this, who shall say that women writers—one of them at least—do not throw their whole souls into their work and study their subjects *au fond* before putting pen to paper?

Referring to the allegations of our enemies that we were the aggressors in this war, Lord Rosebery remarks as an additional reply to this argument that "democracies

never prepare for war."

Quite true; and the reasoning is clinched by the companion volume to Mrs. Ward's, Julian Grande's exposition of the Swiss army system, of which, as he says, "the essential purpose is to show that it is possible to have a citizen army without militarism." To this kind of army, he adds, England is bound to have recourse after the war, which is sure to be followed by a period of more universal armament than ever.



THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE WEST: CALLOPING UP WITH AMMUNITION.

Official Photograph.

was able to declare that, "on the invitation of England's most famous sailor . . . I seem to have been so far the only woman who, for newspaper ends, has been allowed to penetrate those mysterious northern limits, where I spent two wonderful days"—all the more so for the wonderful way in which she conveys her impressions of our naval might.

A tour through the great munition centres of the country is equally well described—an eloquent tribute to the wonderful organising genius and driving energy of Mr. Lloyd George; after which we are taken first to Aldershot and then to France, where Mrs. Ward was shown

mittee. They comprise "The Polish Question as an International Problem," part of a collective work written by various distinguished authorities; "Landmarks of Polish History," by August Zaleski, with an introduction by R. W. Seton-Watson; "Poland's Struggle for Independence," by Rajmund Kucharski, with a foreword by Lord Weardale; "Poland as an Independent Economic Unit," by Stanislaw Posner, with an introduction by Sidney Webb; "An Outline of the History of Polish Literature," by Jan de Holecinski, with a preface by G. P. Gooch; and "The National Music of Poland," by Marguerite Walawa.

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"The Tomb of Ts'in." For a generation past at least Messrs. Ward Lock and Co. have catered

for a public that enjoys frankly the novel of mystery, magic, and adventure; and their success in finding authors of the necessary ingenuity and imagination has been, and continues to be, amazing. Mr. Edgar Wallace has not always written after the fashion of "The Tomb of Ts'in: The Just Crimes of Tullizinni"; but here he is again conjuring hair-raising situations out of airy nothings, and moulding them, too, with a literary manner that has a direct command of the palpitating reader. Chinese machinations and hidden treasure, as manipulated in "The Tomb of Ts'in," are irresistible.

"The Valley of Gold." When the hour comes that sees the triumph of law and order in Western America, our novelists will be the losers. The young entry fails entirely to capture the Bret Harte charm; but what it lacks in distinction it makes up for in "gunning" and strenuous wickedness. Colonel Harbottle walks the earth no more; his room is occupied by grafters of the type of Messrs. Quade and Culver Kann in "The Valley of Gold" (Cassell). These were the bad men of the Flats, supernumeraries of villainy, to whom abduction and assassination were instruments of their advancement. Enter with "the Horde," rushing to Hogan's Camp on the Grand Trunk Pacific, a starry-eyed lady seeking news of a lost husband, and the whirling plot begins. Mr. James Oliver Curwood does it all very well. He enjoys writing up a scrap, and he manipulates a nimble and undaunted hero with expert facility. There is a lonely grave in a mountain valley, and there is also gold—rich gold; we have the lady and the hero and Quade and Culver Kann, with supernumeraries on either side, fighting for all that they hold most dear, among the rocks and

pinces of the great silent ranges. The upshot is, of course, virtue triumphant, and a book of many thrills for holiday reading.

"The Sailor." Mr. J. C. Snaith, who is proving himself to be one of our most versatile novelists, has produced the study of a genius in "The Sailor" (Smith, Elder). Perhaps the most striking feature of the story is the resiliency of his sensitive chief

"Auntie"; but when the woman he loved tried to shut her heart to him. The progress from guttersnipe to great man has had to be treated with considerable attention to detail, as when we are shown "Enry" Arper laboriously acquiring the arts of correct pronunciation and genteel conversation from a professional instructor. We hope we have succeeded in conveying that "The Sailor" is a clever and a profoundly interesting book, and that it provides food for thought as well as for enjoyment. For one thing, it is a reminder of something the "grown-ups" are apt to forget—the intensity of the sorrows and the affections of boyhood. This is painful reading, but salutary; and no one, we fancy, will fail to draw the breath of relief when Henry Harper comes into his heritage with peace and honour.

"Dead Yesterday." The patriot says in his haste that there never was a time like the present for gabble and gossip, forgetting that the gabblers have merely changed their subject-matter, and that they, like the poor, are always with us.

"Dead Yesterday" (Duckworth), though it has a deeper significance, is a timely reminder of this neglected fact. The "yesterday" traced by Mrs. Mary Agnes Hamilton with such exact and painful accuracy is 1913-14, when the young men were decadent, and Lloyd George was flinging the country to the dogs, and the young women were strident, and Old England—as any drawing-room could tell you—was creaking to her ignoble doom. How they talked in those days! Talk, talk, talk—until even the reader happily established on the other side of the great gulf fixed has a sense of suffocation, and struggles for a wordless air. Nigel is the masculine type, and Myrtle Toller the feminine, of the clever young people of their time.

They lap over, with the story, into the present; Nigel "feeling" the war in the nicest expressions of superior journalism, Myrtle still cultivating her superficial and negative emotions. Mrs. Leonard, who saw even in the hour of blindness that foreign policy was the thing; and Daphne, to whom the universal catastrophe is a crisis of the soul, serve to show, by force of contrast, the limitation of these bright particular stars. "Dead Yesterday" has a studied moral, which the public may be left to observe for itself. It is a remarkable piece of work, scathing in its indictment of some phases of English life—the more so because its author does not descend into the arena, but sits, with a detachment that would be positively exasperating if it were not admirable, writing down the spectacle on the tablets of an acute and unwavering judgment.



DURING THE BRITISH ADVANCE IN THE WEST: AUSTRALIAN OFFICERS AT LUNCHEON.

Official Photograph.

character. Genius here is plainly the glow of an inner and sustaining flame, which, had it been less enduring, less ardent, must have been quenched by all that Henry Harper passed through before he found haven. It came very near to extinction, not through the brutality of life in the windjammer, or the drunken torments devised by

URODONAL

and Rheumatism.

Is it advisable for rheumatic subjects to go to the seaside? Why not? It will perhaps be argued that those who were born at the seaside, or who have lived there the greater part of their life, are specially favoured on account of having become accustomed to the atmosphere, while tourists who only come for a few days, and are therefore strange to it, cannot claim the same privileges. That may be the case, but it still remains to know whether sea-air itself is apt to aggravate rheumatic pains.

We may be permitted to have certain doubts on the subject. There is nevertheless the fact of the dampness in the atmosphere, which is supposed to incline to over-production of uric acid. But is it indisputably proved that dampness is such a potent factor in arthritic diseases? For my own part, I know of some rheumatic patients who suffer more in proportion to the weather being hot and dry, whereas they experience relief when it is damp. Rheumatism is certainly the most capricious of diseases, and does not conform to any rules. It is true that at the seaside people are not so careful about the amount of clothing worn, and also neglect ordinary precautions. A sudden shower overtakes them, or they sit about in cool or damp spots. All these are so many factors for causing attacks of rheumatism. Still more probable is the fact that when on their holidays, away from business cares and worries, they are apt to be indiscreet in regard to diet; they eat and drink more than usual, and partake of foods containing large quantities of azote, to which they are not accustomed, such as fish, lobsters, shell-fish, &c. The natural and inevitable consequence is an increase of uric acid, which, in the absence of sufficient exercise to consume the waste products, is likely to become dangerous. Sea-air in itself has nothing to do with this; mountain air, or even flat country or woods, would have the same effect if they inclined in the least towards increased appetite. We must therefore conclude that a stay at the seaside is not contra-indicated for anyone (except for phthisic patients), not even for rheumatic subjects.

Precautions must, of course, be taken, and the best way of preventing attacks of rheumatism at the seaside or anywhere else is to neutralise the drawbacks caused by humidity and the risks of over-eating or other imprudences. The only thing to do is, therefore, to counteract the over-production of uric acid by dissolving and eliminating it as fast as it is formed. Nothing can be easier than to do this with the help of URODONAL, which "dissolves uric acid as easily as hot water dissolves sugar."

This auxiliary and harmless precaution is moreover necessary not only at the seaside, but should be adopted almost anywhere, at this time of the year, when change of air, exposure, and outdoor life tend to stir up the blood.

Shall we add that the treatment is quite simple and agreeable to follow? Just a teaspoonful of URODONAL in a tumbler of water makes a pleasant, effervescent drink, which is delightfully cooling and refreshing, and may be taken during or between meals.

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DR. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.



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Hors Concours
San Francisco, 1915.

REPORTS TO—
Académie de Médecine
(November 10, 1908).
Académie des Sciences
(December 14, 1908).

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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

F RIBEIRO (Yokohama).—Write to Chess Amateur, Stroud, Glos., England, and state your wants.

G T COLES (Shorncliffe).—Your problem to hand. We cannot reply by post. R E PESCOE.—The first move is sufficient.

J T ANDREWS.—Quite sound, and marked for early insertion.

J R VERNON.—Thanks, but our space compels us to reject your communication.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3732 received from F Ribeiro (Yokohama); of No. 3733 from Captain Challice (Great Yarmouth), and C A M (Penang); of No. 3735 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia); of No. 3736 from H J B Leadlay (Guelph, Canada), and J Marshall Bell (Buckhaven).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3737 received from Arthur Porry (Dublin), F J Overton (Sutton Coldfield), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), Jacob Verrall (Ridmell), F L Ames (Union Club), F Harris, and W Newiman.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3738 received from M E Opslow (Bournemouth), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), G Sorrie (Stonchaven), A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter), H Grasset Baldwin (Farnham), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), J S R (Lincoln's Inn), J Fowler, A H Arthur (Bath), J Smart J Dixon (Colchester), F Preston (Hackney), and F Smees.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played in the Trophies Tourney of the British Correspondence Chess Association, between Mr. W H GUNSTON and the Rev. A BAKER.

(Ruy Lopez.)

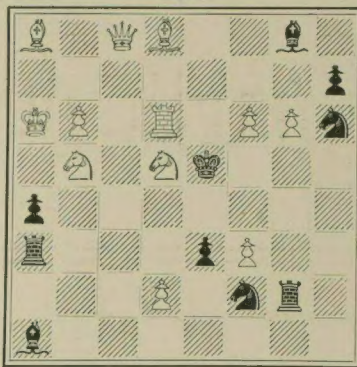
WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Rev. Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. G.)	BLACK (Rev. Mr. B.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	White's Knights have done their work in excellent fashion, and prepared the way for the final assault commencing next move.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q 3rd		
Both in theory and practice, the authorities are now pretty well agreed that P to Q R 3rd is Black's best move.			
4. P to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P		
6. Kt takes P	B to K 2nd		
7. Castles	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Kt to B 5th	B takes Kt		
9. P takes B	Castles		
10. R to K sq	Kt to Q 2nd		
11. Kt to Q 5th	B to B 3rd		
12. P to Q B 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
An opening that gives two Bishops for two Knights and an inferior position is surely not to be commended. In a correspondence game, positional judgment is a vital factor, and it is already evident only a bad oversight can rob White of victory.			
13. Kt takes B (ch)			

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3736.—By M. L. PENCE.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Kt to Kt 3rd	Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.	

PROBLEM No. 3739.—By A. M. SPARKE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

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Stories for the Story Hour. Ada M. Marzials. 3s. 6d. net	(Harrap)
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MISCELLANEOUS.

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The Two Williams: Studies of the Kaiser and the Crown Prince. Paul-Louis Hervier. 7s. 6d. net	(Nash)
How to Pay for the War. Edited by Sidney Webb. 6s. net	(Allen and Unwin)
The Fighting Territorials, Vol. II. Perry Hurd. 1s. 3d. net ("Country Life.")	(Grant Richards)
The Last Days of the Archduke Rudolph. Hamil Grant. 10s. 6d. net	(Grant Richards)
The War of 1915-16: A History for Boys and Girls. Elizabeth O'Neill, M.A. 1s. 6d. net	(Jack)
Hitting the Dark Trail. Clarence Hawkes. 3s. 6d. net	(Harrap)
Food Values. Margaret McKillop, M.A. 1s. net	(Routledge)

MISCELLANEOUS.

FAR-SEEING statesmen and thinkers have already long been considering the question of the political reorganisation of the British Empire after the war, and the future relations of the self-governing Dominions with the Mother Country, especially in regard to defence, trade, and foreign policy. A valuable contribution to the subject, as regards Australia, is contained in a new book entitled "The Problem of the Commonwealth" (Macmillan). It is a report prepared by L. Curtis on behalf of the "Round Table" groups in various parts of the Empire, so named from the quarterly magazine founded as a medium of information on Imperial affairs. The book, however, represents the writer's views. "The main contention," he says, "is this—that Dominion electorates must, in the not distant future, assume control of foreign affairs, yet cannot do so without deciding irrevocably whether they are to keep or renounce their status as citizens of the British Commonwealth. In plain words, the issue, as seen by the writer, is whether the Dominions are to become independent republics, or whether this world-wide Commonwealth is destined to stand more closely united as the noblest of all political achievements."

The Lord Mayor of London, Colonel Sir Charles Cheers Wakefield, has given many instances of the keen interest which he has taken in the Great War, and has had the advantage of being at the Front and so being able to testify to "that which he has seen." And one result has been that he is untiring in doing all that is in his power to aid and cheer the wounded and to lend the weight of his influential position to all good "causes" identified with the war. Personally, he gave generous proof of his sympathy by entertaining a thousand wounded soldiers as his guests, on Saturday, Aug. 12, at "The Karsino," Hampton Court, where hundreds of cars, omnibuses and ferry-boats landed his guests at the island. Amusements and refreshments galore were provided, two hundred or so ladies waited on the guests, there was a capital *café-chantant* entertainment, and Sir Charles Wakefield's welcome took the kindly and graceful form of "grateful thanks for what you have done and best wishes for your speedy recovery."

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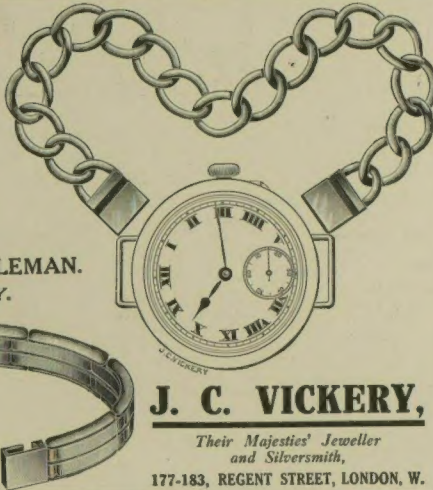
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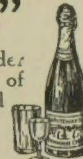
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Miss Gaby Deslys, the famous French Actress, tells how to obtain a beautiful clear complexion, and what to do for tired, aching calloused feet, or other bad foot troubles.

Also divulges a stage secret for benefit of over-fat readers, and explains how anyone can prepare the wonder-working oxygenated baths at a cost of about 5d. each.

During my other visits to New York I learned much that was interesting, but this last time I made the most wonderful discoveries of all. It was there, strange to say, that I first learned of



GABY DESLYS.

a most wondrous bath compound which you originated here in England, and the best quality always comes from here. It is all the rage in New York, and of course easily obtained at small cost from your chemist. But why do so few, except physicians and specialists, know about it here? *C'est extraordinaire!* You merely ask for common Reudel Bath Saltrates, and always use just a little to soften your wash-water, and never have your bath prepared without a small handful being dissolved in it. If you wish to keep your complexion you must not touch it with plain hard water. The lime ruins any skin in no time. The ordinary refined Reudel Bath Saltrates, which most chemists here keep put up in half-pound packets, will make medicated water just like at the famous Continental spas, and the water is at once filled with oxygen, which you can feel acting on your skin. I find it, oh! so fragrant, refreshing, and—invigorating is the word, is it not? The skin becomes *très lisse*, so clear and beautiful. When the feet are tired, aching or calloused, and a little swollen from walking, tennis or dancing, a saltrated foot bath quickly relieves these and even more painful foot troubles. I am telling you a secret of the theatrical profession. Also I have heard that if you are getting just a wee bit too fat, at least four times the usual quantity of these Reudel Saltrates in very hot baths will soon make you slim and dainty once more, but I know a small handful never has the slightest reducing effect. Many women lack the slim, dainty lines required by present styles in dress and footwear. This reducing hint is for them.

Gaby Deslys

NOTE.—There has as yet been no rise in the price of the standard compound referred to above, but as in the case of all drugs during the War, a sharp advance is to be expected at any time.

A WOMAN OTHERS ENVIED

She was regarded with considerable envy by other women. Her social success was undoubtedly remarkable, and her beauty exceptional. But what gave her distinction—and was chiefly envied—was the wealth of beautiful hair heaped up in wavy masses on her head.

She smiled secretly at the envious ones; for she knew that she owed these luxuriant tresses not to any special favour of Mother Nature's, but to the regular use of Rowland's Macassar Oil from her earliest childhood.

Her mother and her grandmother used the same dressing, "thine incomparable Oil, 'Macassar,'" as Byron put it, and in their day were also counted among the envied ones of their sex.

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL FOR THE HAIR

Nourishes, strengthens and beautifies the hair. Prepared in a Golden tint for fair hair. Sold in 3/6, 7/- and 10/6 sizes by Stores, Chemists and Hair-dressers, or Rowland's, 67 Hatton Garden, London.

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE

"It Worked Like a Charm"

writes a clergyman who had suffered from Asthmatic affection for fifty years. At all chemists 4/3 a tin.

Onoto

The Self-filling
Safety Fountain

Fills itself. Never leaks.

The Onoto is the only self-filling pen
in which ink pellets can be used.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD., BUNHILL ROW, E.C.

BE HAPPY AND WELL

Positively prevents and cures

SEA-SICKNESS and

TRAIN-SICKNESS.

Officially adopted by

Steamship Companies

on both fresh and salt

water—endorsed by highest

authorities and used by

travellers the world over.

Contains no cocaine, morphine,



WHILE TRAVELLING.

opium, chloral, coal tar pro-

ducts, or their derivatives.

Testified by Royalty,

the Nobility, Doctors,

Chemists, Army

and Navy. No bad

after-effects. — *Of all*

Chemists (in Boxes 2/6

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London.

GUARANTEED TO PREVENT & CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Motor-Car in East Africa.

A year ago I was able to say something in this column relative to the extraordinarily good work performed by the motor-car in the then recently concluded campaign in South-West Africa. The information on which those remarks were based came from an officer who had just returned after serving with the armoured-car force which had taken part in the victorious advance of General Botha

much to say of the work performed by all classes of motor-vehicles during an arduous campaign in a tropical country, which by all accounts is as difficult a terrain for motor traction as can be imagined. In common with most, I had an idea that the Germans had engineered some really good motor roads in the country; but apparently the report, like that of Mark Twain's death, was greatly exaggerated. So far from there being roads, even by courtesy, there are none with the exception of the one built by our own engineers from Voi, on the Uganda Railway, to the foot of Kilimanjaro, which is at most about a hundred miles long. That takes us just over the German border, and in the German colony itself the only roads are clearings through the bush which have been worn by traffic into some semblance of highways. These, in the dry season, are unutterably rough and bumpy. The dust, even when a light vehicle passes, is like a London "particular," and is so light that it hangs in the air literally for hours. During the rains these "roads" become almost impassable to any kind of wheeled transport, and in many cases they become the convenient beds of rushing torrents of water draining away off the highlands.

No Country for Animals.

There is probably no worse country in the world for domestic animals than German East Africa. Wherever there is water the tse-tse fly, whose bite is practically certain death to horses and cattle, abounds. In the dry places, horse and cattle sickness is rife. So bad are the conditions that, early in the year, when General Smuts made his first great forward movement, within a month one mounted brigade could muster only about 300 horses in anything like workable condition. Over 1200 horses had died—or were dying—either from the "fly" or from horse-sickness. Fortunately for the success of the operations, the South African Government were in possession of a large number of Reo lorries, purchased for the South-West African campaign. These had early been shipped to East Africa, and, reinforced by motor-lorries sent from England, completely saved the transport situation. They enabled supplies to be pushed up to the front before the rains set in, and made it possible for the advanced troops to hang on to the advantages gained before the coming of the terrific rainy season characteristic of countries lying practically on the Equator. The Reo heavy cars have done wonderfully well. Among the light contingent, the honours appear to be divided between the Buick and the Hupmobile, both of which have stood up marvellously under the stress of heavy work in roadless bush country.

As in the campaign in South-West Africa, so on the eastern side of the continent, the Rolls-Royce armoured-cars belonging to the R.N.A.S. have done more than well—mechanically, as well as from the fighting point of view.



PRESENTED TO LADY LONDONDERRY: A MODEL MOTOR-AMBULANCE IN SILVER.

The inscription on the model reads: "Presented to the Most Hon. the Marchioness of Londonderry, President of the Women's Legion, by the British School of Motoring, Ltd., on the occasion of her Ladyship opening the school's new Central London Instruction Works for training women motor-drivers, to release men for his Majesty's forces. March 23rd, 1916." The model was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W.

These cars arrived in the country in August of last year, and have been kept continuously at work since. One was rendered *hors-de-combat* through being overturned in the bush, and was out of action for a month. Otherwise, not one of them has been off the road for a day—which speaks volumes for the cars themselves and for Lieutenant-Commander Nalder and his officers. From the time they arrived at the front German attacks on our railway patrols and working parties ceased entirely, though they had previously been of almost nightly occurrence. Working in conjunction with the mounted infantry, they kept the enemy's patrols at arm's-length. In the disastrous affair at Salaita in February, two armoured-cars materially assisted in covering the British retirement, pushing right inside the line of the German trenches and inflicting severe casualties before they were compelled to retire through the disabling of one of the Maxims, which was shot through the water-jacket. At Taveta, and again at Kahe, these cars were well in the thick of things, and rendered valuable support in the operations which ended in the occupation of these places. A good record indeed.—W. W.



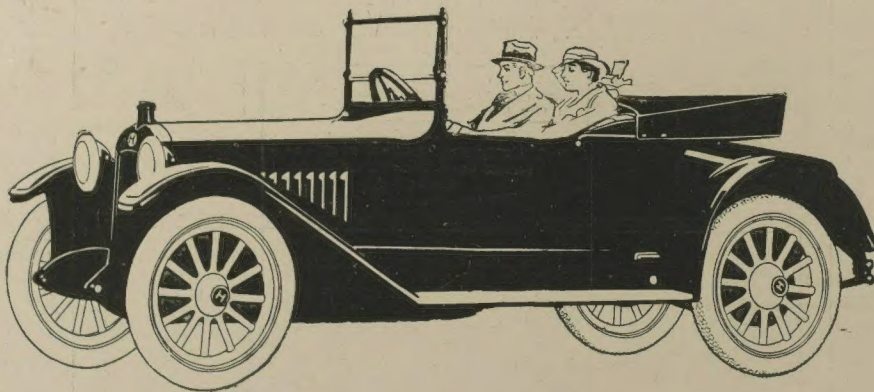
IN BEAUTIFUL WARWICKSHIRE: GUY'S CLIFFE MILL. In the foreground is seen a 14-h.p. Humber.

which eventuated in the acquisition to the flag of one of the most considerable of the German colonies. This same officer has now but just returned from East Africa, and has

divided between the Buick and the Hupmobile, both of which have stood up marvellously under the stress of heavy work in roadless bush country.



The Mark of Superior Motor Car Service



We invite all who contemplate the purchase of an automobile to go to the nearest Hupmobile dealer and ask him to demonstrate, side by side with cars of other makes, that the Hupmobile can do in ordinary everyday use the things that other cars do only in demonstration.

Ask him to drive the car through crowded streets, up steep hills, through deep sand or mud. See how easily and efficiently the Hupmobile does these things.

Notice at the same time the comfortable Hupmobile riding qualities—the deep, soft cushions, the large tonneau, the absence of vibration from the motor even at 50 or 60 miles an hour. Your eye will appreciate Hupmobile beauty of design and finish.

Consider, too, that the Hupmobile has a four-cylinder motor that will give you no trouble and many miles per gallon of petrol—that it has the strength and dependability of that first Hupmobile that went around the world in 1909.

Brief Hupmobile Specifications

Hupmobile models: 5-seater, 7-seater, 2-seater, sedan, and 5-seater and 2-seater with detachable winter tops. Motor: Four-cylinder, 95 m/m bore, 140 m/m stroke (3 3/4" x 5 1/2"). Transmissions: three forward speeds and reverse; multiple disc clutch. Rear axle floating type, spiral bevel gear. Cam-shaft and crank-shaft bearings, bronze shell, babbit lined. Long wheel base (119" on 2 and 5-seater, 134" on 7-seater). Tyres 880 x 120 m/m or 34" x 4" on 5-seater, 920 x 120 m/m or 35" x 4 1/2" on 7-seater. Electric starting and lighting; ventilating rain vision screen; one-man hood; quick-acting side curtains; door curtain carriers; deep upholstery; speedometer; robe rail, foot rail and carpet in tonneau; non-skid tyres on rear; five demountable rims; tyre-carrier; pump, jack, and full set of tools. Magneto ignition, wire wheels, special colours, khaki hood and seat covers at small additional cost over list price of car.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

Dealer for England—WHITING, LTD., 334-340, Euston Road, London.